Wichita Eagle.

SUPLEMENT

EARNESTNESS.

Oh! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

—A. C. Coxe.

A TERRIBLE SECRET.

She was dying, and, although but 50 years of age, appeared to be 70. Gasping for breath, racked by nervous tremors, and paler than the sheets upon which she lay, it seemed as if her wild and sunken eyes already beheld some frightful vision. Her sister, Suzanne de Therelles, six years her senior, knelt beside her, sobbing bitterly. Upon a little table, drawn close to the side of the couch, a clean napkin had been placed and two lighted tapers, for they were awaiting the arrival of the priest, coming to give extreme unction and the last communion.

The apartment had that sinister aspect, that air of despairing adieux, peculiar to the chambers of the dying; vials of medicine stood about upon the furniture; linens were heaped in the corners either by the foot or the broom, and the chairs, disordered and huddled in groups, seemed as if affrighted, and death was there, concealed and waiting.

The history of these sisters was a very sad and touching one, and talked of far and near through the neighborhood. Suzanne, the eldest, had been devotedly loved in her youth by a young man, handsome and good, and to whom she also was much attached. They were fiancees and only waited the day fixed by the contract to marry, when suddenly Henri de Sampierre was taken ill and died. The despair of the young girl was frightful. She swore that she would never marry, and, putting on the dress of the widowed, which she never again left off, Mlle. de Therelles kept her word.

One morning as she was sitting in her room thinking sorrowfully of the trouble that had fallen upon her so cruelly the doon opened, and Marguerite, at that time not yet 15 years of age, threw herself into her sister's arms, murmuring between her sobs: "Do not cry, Suzanne. Oh, do not cry. It breaks my heart to see you grieve. Surely you will not cry all your life, for I—I will never leave you; never! Like you I will never marry, but remain with you always."

Suzanne embraced her tenderly, touched to the heart by the child's devotion. Nevertheless, she did not believe her; the day would come to Marguerite that had come to her—she would love, and then she would be alone again.

Suzanne, however, was mistaken; years passed on, and the little one held to her word. In spite of the prayers of her parents and the supplications of her sister she resolutely refused to marry. Beautiful, charming and a general favorite among the young men of the neighborhood, nothing could alter her decision—she would never quit her sister.

And thus they lived together side by side in inseparable companionship. But Marguerite was always sad, more dejected and melancholy, if possible, than Suzanne herself. It seemed as if the sacrifice she had made, sublime as it was, had literally crushed her. She grew old faster than her sister; her hair turned as white as snow before she was 30, and, constantly suffering, she seemed like one struck by some strange disease which always preyed upon her.

Now she was dying, and dying first. In twenty-four hours she had spoken but once, and that only to ask for the cure.

"Bid him come," she whispered hoarsely, "bid him come, and quickly." Suzanne had obeyed. Lying upon her back, her haggard features drawn by frightful spasms, her lips moving without uttering a sound, her eyes fixed and sunken, Marguerite de Therelles was hideous to look upon. Sobbing bitterly, Suzanne still knelt beside her.

Suddenly there was the noise of footsteps on the stairs, a moment later a priest in his surplice entered the room and leaned above the dying woman. As soon as she saw him she began to toss restlessly about the bed.

"God pardon you, my child," said the old cure tenderly; "God pardon you and give you peace! The hour has come—you must speak!"

Marguerite shuddered from head to foot as she heard the cure's words. Again and again she struggled to obey, but her voice broke and died away in a stifled rattle.

"Sit by me, Suzanne," she whispered at last; "sit by me that you may hear and listen."

Suzanne, astounded, rose to her feet and seated herself beside her sister.

"God give them strength and send upon them thy healing mercy," said the old cure solemnly, lifting the hands of the two women and holding them in his own. Then Marguerite began.

"Pardon me, Suzanne," she cried; "pardon your wretched sister. Ah, if you could only know how I have suffered, how I have dreaded this hour, dreaded it all my life long!"

"Pardon you, my little one!" Suzanne repeated; "but what am I to pardon you for? Have you not sacrificed yourself for me? Have you not been an angel?"

"No, no," said Marguerite wildly, "be silent, I beg. I will tell you all. It is frightful, frightful; but do not stop me. Speak I must, even to the shameful end. Do you remember Henri, Suzanne?" appealing abruptly to her sister. Suzanne started and turned pale. Remember Henri? Would she ever forget him?

"Yes," she answered, "I remember him."

"He died," continued Marguerite, "before I was 15—yes, before I was 15. How spoiled I was! How determined to have my own way! But never mind that now; let us return to Henri. You remember, do you not, the first time he came? It was to bring us news of father. I saw him dismount from his horse. He was so handsome, so noble looking! I waited in the corner of the salon all the time he was talking. Children are so strange, so terrible!" she murmured, in tones of agony. "After this he came almost every day. I watched him always, always. I was far more artful than you knew, my sister, for I thought only of him, and, child as I was, I loved him.

"When they told me he was going to marry you it was a blow—a blow so terrible that night after night I spent the hours in crying that should have been given to sleep. You remember, Suzanne, that every morning after breakfast Henri would come to spend the day with us, and that frequently you made for him a plate of those little cakes of which he was so extravagantly fond—I can see him eating them now, and afterward drinking a glass of wine.

As the day for your marriage approached, how jealous I became—how terribly, cruelly jealous! At last, about a fortnight before the wedding day, I think I must have lost my senses. 'He shall never marry,' I said to myself; 'above all, he shall never marry Suzanne!'

"One evening, a day or two before the time fixed by the contract, you were walking together in the moonlight before the chateau, and Henri took you in his arms and embraced you, holding you to his heart so long, so tenderly. Ah, well I saw you; I was there, hidden in the bushes, and I was seized with a fierce rage. 'No,' I said to myself; 'he shall never marry, neither Suzanne, my sister, nor any one else. I should be too miserable!' and suddenly I began to hate him—to hate him with a terrible hate.

"Once," continued Marguerite, drawing her breath in short, quick gasps, "I had seen the gardener preparing what he told me were 'bullets' for stray dogs that came about the chateau at night and damaged his plants. They were simply little balls of meat, mixed with glass, the fragments of an old bottle pulverized to a powder.

"I, too, had an old bottle that came from the druggist's, and, crushing it with a hammer, I concealed the glittering particles in the pocket of my dress.

"The next day, when you made as usual Henri's little plate of cakes, I managed, without your seeing me, to break them open and sprinkle them with the pounded glass. Henri ate several of them; I ate one; the rest I threw away. I, though always suffering, escaped with my life. Henri died.

"Ah, my sister, my sister, how I have suffered! What agonies of pain, what torments of remorse! 'But I will never leave Suzanne,' I said to myself. 'I will wait on her, I will love her, and on my dying bed I will tell her all.' This moment has been always before me. Morning and night I have thought of the time when I must tell you this terrible secret—of the time, when dead, I would have to meet him. Pardon me, Suzanne, pardon me, I beseech you. Beg her, Mons. le Cure, beg her to say that she pardons me. I cannot, I dare not die without it!"

Marguerite was silent; she could speak no more, but lay with her eyes upon her sister's face, the wasted fingers picking and scratching at the sheets.

Suzanne did not move; like a figure of stone she sat with her head bowed upon her breast; the face of the man she loved, the happy days that might have been spent with him, rising before her in a sad review. And these memories of the cherished dead, how they tore her tortured heart!

Suddenly the old cure started to his feet. "Mlle. Suzanne," said he in a voice strong and vibrating, "your sister is dying; is she to go without the mercy which God himself has not refused her?"

For a moment Suzanne hesitated; then throwing herself upon her knees beside the couch of Marguerite, she clasped her in her arms, murmuring between passionate kisses:

"I pardon thee, my little one; with all my heart I pardon thee!"—Translated for The Cincinnati Enquirer from the French of Guy de Maupassant by E. C. Waggener.

A Daring Reporter's Success.

I knew of a city editor who had a pet bugaboo to scare off flash young applicants for positions on his staff. Whenever one would present himself the C. E. would assign him to write up the "City Hall Cellar." About twenty-five graduates, each of whom was imbued with the idea that he was an embryo Dickens, were scared away by that apparently hopeless task. Some never attempted it, and those who did were unable to pass the watchman who guarded entrance to the mysterious place and never permitted strangers to pass.

One day a commonplace looking young man came along and made the usual application. He was not a college bred, and it was supposed that the bugaboo would scare the reportorial idea out of him instanter. In about an hour after he had been given an assignment he returned and wrote quite an interesting article upon the appearance of the cellar, the manner in which it was being utilized, and what use its various compartments would be put to in the future. When asked how he got into the cellar he replied: "I lowered myself down through a coal hole by means of a rope and bribed the engineer to show me around for a couple of good cigars." The young man was engaged immediately, and is a reporter on a prominent daily paper in this city to-day. The city editor had to secure a new bugaboo, and has never quite forgiven the young man for despoiling him of his pet scarecrow.—"Observer" in Philadelphia Call.

A Few New Definitions.

Music—A polite art which serves its highest usefulness as a stimulus to conversation.

Duty—An obligation that rests entirely upon one's neighbor.

Advice—A superfluous article which everybody is eager to give away, but no one cares to receive.

Consistency—A jewel which frequently needs resetting.

News—Old women's gossip; salacious scandal and secrets of domestic and conjugal life; anything in the way of rumor that does not relate to public affairs.

Civility—An ancient form of behavior, popular in feudal times, but unsuited to the exigencies of modern civilization.

Artist—A man of subtle æsthetic perceptions who obtains proficiency in some such useful art as hair dressing or negro minstrelsy.

Poetry—Any metrical composition whose merit is unrecognized by the average magazine editor.

Economy—A habit of life which enables a woman to save money in her domestic expenditures in order that her husband may keep up his end at the club.

Culture—The pursuit of social folly having its origin in the love of singularity.—Life.

A Lock of Goethe's Hair.

In the collection of the Goethe-Carlyle correspondence just published there is one episode of ludicrous interest not altogether without its pathetic side. It is that in which Mrs. Carlyle, in the year 1829, sent Goethe a lock of her hair, "concerning which I am to say," writes Thomas, "that except to her husband she never did the like to any man." In exchange she begged for a lock of Goethe's hair, and this "for the heart that honestly loves you." "I, too," wrote the husband, "hope that you will do so much." Goethe, who was then in his 81st year, found himself in a painful predicament, which he thus explained: "The incomparable lock of hair almost alarmed me. The contrast was too striking, for I did not need to touch my skull to become aware that only stubble was left there; nor was it necessary for me to go to the looking glass to learn that a long flight of time had given it a disconsolate look. The impossibility of making the desired return smote my heart and forced thoughts upon me which one usually prefers to banish. In the end, however, nothing remained for me to do but content myself with the reflection that such a gift was to be most thankfully received without hope of any adequate requital."—Chicago Herald.

The amount of chocolate annually consumed is 80,000,000 pounds, the market list being headed by France.

Ludwig's Bric-a-Brac.

The late King Ludwig of Bavaria spent 20,000,000 francs in bibelots. He was the king and high priest of bric-a-brac hunters combined. A single piece of furniture cost 3,000,000 francs.

MIST.

Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,
And in whose fenny labyrinth
The bittern booms and heron wades;
Spirit of lakes, and seas, and rivers—
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields.

—Henry D. Thoreau.

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Dora Carmichael was an extremely pretty girl, whom to see was to admire and perhaps to love, in most men's opinion. Women did not take precisely this view of her merits; but then, as we all know, women are notoriously jealous. Still even a very pretty girl may be considered as abusing her privileges if she engages herself to more than tw men at once. Now, this was precisely what Miss Carmichael had done, and was not a little perplexed by the consequences of her rashness. Not only had she, unknown to and in disobedience of her people, kept on her engagement with Haselrig of the artillery, but to please her parents, and also her own ambition, she had consented a month or two since to accept Mr. Lorimer, son and heir to old Sir James Lorimer. And now, to crown all, a fortnight ago, at the Marsdens' ball, Lord Liscarrol had proposed, and she had not been able to refuse him.

Concerning Capt. Haselrig she had little anxiety, as he had gone to India on being forbidden the house by Mr. Carmichael, who considered the handsome, impecunious soldier by no means an eligible match for his only daughter and heiress. But it had taxed even her ingenuity to keep Mr. Lorimer and Lord Liscarrol ignorant of each other's claims on her. Lorimer certainly did not suspect the existence of a rival; but Liscarrol had more than once resented the airs of proprietorship assumed by the former, and had pressed Miss Carmichael to allow him at once to apply to her father. This was horribly perplexing. Mr. Carmichael was a wealthy, self made man, whose fortune had sprung, as he was only too fond of boasting, from the traditional fourpenny bit. He professed ultra radical opinions, but in his heart was as fond of a lord as most people, and Dora well knew would have been as delighted at her latest conquest as she herself could have been. Still, she felt convinced that his word once pledged he would not let her throw over Charles Lorimer, even for such a party as Lord Liscarrol. So she told her lover a doleful story of stern parents, an unsympathetic suitor and an oppressed daughter divided between duty and dislike to the match proposed.

"But are you engaged to that cub Lorimer?" asked Liscarrol impatiently.

"No! O no! certainly not engaged, but it is very possible I might have become so to please dear papa had I not met with you." This, said with the sweetest timidity and a bashful look, had the full effect intended.

"But now, Dora!"

"Well, now I must make the poor fellow understand it is impossible—give him his conge, in fact, so decidedly, that, even self satisfied as he is, he can make no mistake, and then coax papa as best I can."

Still Liscarrol insisted.

"But, don't you see, Lord Liscarrol—well, Arthur, then—that if you go to papa directly I have sent off Mr. Lorimer, he will suspect what has occurred, and would not hesitate to treat you in the same way? For do what I will, I cannot help his considering me engaged to that horrid man."

"Well, when will you give Lorimer his conge?"

"To-morrow morning. He is coming about some botanical tickets, and I will speak to him then."

"Very well, dearest; and I may look in to hear the result, may I not?"

And so it was settled. Still, it must be confessed the situation was a troublesome one, and sitting in the library the next day, Dora thought over her plans rather anxiously.

Mrs. Carmichael was, or fancied herself, an invalid, and rarely showed before lunch (and not always then, though ready enough for her "social duties" later in the day), so her daughter was at full liberty to arrange matters as she pleased. Accordingly she told the butler that if Mr. Lorimer called, he was at once to be shown in to her in the library, and that if Lord Liscarrol should call in the meantime, he was to be told she would soon be disengaged, and be requested to await her in the drawing room. So far so good.

But a ring at the door bell startled her from her reverie, and she waited expecting to see Lorimer ushered in. Instead of that, the visitor was ushered up stairs, and the butler announced "Capt. Haselrig." The blow almost staggered her, but pulling herself together, she went into the drawing room, and the next moment was clasped in Haselrig's arms. A few words sufficed to explain his presence. The death of an old uncle, his godfather, had made him master of a rather valuable property, and on the strength of this improvement in his position the young man had at once rushed back from India, and, as he fondly hoped, successfully to plead his suit. Whatever heart she possessed—it was little enough—belonged to Haselrig, and she had felt genuine sorrow when her father so entirely declined his proposals; for a moment she wondered if, after all, Haselrig's love might not be worth a sacrifice. Of Lorimer she did not think for one second, but she did remember Liscarrol, and this dampened her ardor. Haselrig was handsome and fairly rich now, but so was Lord Liscarrol, and if her love for him was not so great as for Haselrig, she adored his coronet. So the old story was once more related, and by its means she induced Capt. Haselrig to forego his purpose of seeing her father until she herself should give him leave to speak; and at last, to her great relief, she sent him off, if not satisfied, yet certainly more in love than ever.

During her conversation with Capt. Haselrig Dora's sharp ears had caught the sound of the door bell, so she was fully prepared to hear that Mr. Lorimer was in the library, and went to him at once. But what she did not know, and in her hurry would not give the butler time to tell her, was that Lord Liscarrol had also arrived, and was at the moment in the morning room. Now, Lord Liscarrol was not a particularly impatient man, but he had had ample time to get extremely tired of waiting, and, having exhausted the paper, was beguiling his leisure by staring out of the window, when he caught sight of Haselrig leaving the house.

"By jove! there's Haselrig!" he ejaculated. "Why, I thought he was in India! I must hunt the dear old fellow up. How well he's looking, too! Hullo! what's up now, I wonder?" Voices loud, not to say angry, could be heard in the next room. "Humph! Lorimer getting his conge, I suppose. Seems to be catching it hot, too, poor beggar. After all, serve him right. Why should he try to force the girl to marry him, when any one else could see with half an eye she doesn't care a rap for him? Oh! but I say," he muttered, "I cannot stop here; I shall be hearing what they say next minute."

Leaving a message that an appointment unfortunately prevented his waiting any longer just then, but he hoped for the pleasure of seeing Miss Carmichael later in the day, Lord Liscarrol left the house.

Ten minutes later, stopping to look at a jeweler's window, a gentleman on leaving the shop brushed past him. It was Hasselrig.

"Hullo, Haselrig, old fellow, how come you to be in town?"

"Why, Liscarrol, is that you?"

The two young men shook hands vigorously.

"Which way are you going? To the club? That's right, so am I: come along;" and the unconscious rivals walked slowly side by side down Pall Mall. Haselrig told of his accession of fortune, then added, with a conscious laugh:

"Fact is, I'm tired of single blessedness, and am going to try matrimony for a change."

"Congratulate you most heartily, my dear fellow." Lord Liscarrol's own happiness rendered him very sympathetic. "Do I know the lady?"

"I dare say you do; for she goes out a lot, and though her people are not exactly all one could wish, Dora herself is a darling!"

"O, called Dora, is she?" quoted his friend, amused at the coincidence. "Pretty name, Dora; my favorite, I think. Have you known her long, or is it a recent affair?"

"I've known her two or three years, but money stood in the way at the time, so I went to India to wait for better days. ("Knew there was a woman at the bottom of that sudden rush to the shiny," mentally ejaculated his lordship). But when my uncle left me Cleveleigh, I came back sharp. Her people don't know yet, for her father wants her to marry a man called Lorimer."

"Called what?" exclaimed Lord Liscarrol.

"Lorimer. Do you know him?"

"Know him!" echoed the other. "To be sure I do; a west countryman."

"Yes, that's the fellow. An awful cub, I believe; but lots of money, and no end of a place in the west; so old Carmichael"——

"Here, I say, hold on a bit, I'm getting mixed! What's the young lady's name? Surely not Dora Carmichael?"

"To be sure it is. Do you know her, then?"

"I should think so! But look here, are you sure there is no mistake?"

"I say, Liscarrol, it's rather early in the day to be like this," remarked Haselrig, astonished at his companion's excitement. "Hang it, man, a joke's a joke, but to be like this at this time of day is rather"——

"No, I'm not drunk, Haselrig, nor mad either, though you are enough to drive me so! What do you mean about Miss Carmichael?"

"Why, she's the girl I'm engaged to, to be sure! See, here's her likeness," and so saying he rapidly unfastened a locket from his watch, and held it out open to his companion.

There was no mistake; it decidedly was Dora Carmichael's likeness. By this time, luckily for both, they had reached their club, and they turned into the waiting room, which at that time of the day was vacant.

"Yes, it is Dora, certainly," said Lord Liscarrol slowly. "Confound her!"

"Lord Liscarrol!"

"O, don't go into heroics, man! Look here;" and in a moment he produced a daintily embroidered letter case from his breast pocket, and, taking out a photograph and several letters, flung them down before the astonished soldier.

"Look at that! Read those!"

Haselrig picked them up gingerly. One look was enough. The photograph he knew only too well, he had the duplicate of it; and if the letters at this moment lying on his breast were not exactly and literally the same, the signature, "Your own loving Dora," was identical in both.

"But what does it mean?" he asked, stupefied.

"Mean!" laughed Liscarrol, bitterly, "lies, to be sure! How long have you been engaged, Haselrig?"

"Since before I went to India."

"And I since Easter," and the two men stood looking blankly at each other.

That afternoon, having received the message Lord Liscarrol left with the butler, Miss Carmichael waited impatiently for the young man. About 5 o'clock a small parcel brought by a commissionnaire was given to her, and on opening it there dropped out a locket, two packets of letters and several photographs, together with a slip of paper, on which was written:

"Returned with thanks—Liscarrol, Bertie Haselrig."

There was no mistaking the signatures.

She had had a stormy scene with Lorimer, who had entirely refused to take his conge quietly, and had forced her to listen to some uncommonly plain speaking before leaving, and she was thoroughly tired out. When her maid, hearing a heavy fall, rushed into her room, she found her mistress on the floor, insensible. Luckily for Miss Carmichael, it was sufficiently near the end of the season to make her sudden departure from town less of a nine days' wonder than might otherwise have been the case.

Long before she resumed her place in London society Capt. Haselrig had returned to India, and Lord Liscarrol had found a wife both richer and prettier than Dora Carmichael.—London World.

In the English Salt District.

A great many subsidences of land have taken place in the salt district near Northwich, England. The owners of the sinking land want the pumpers of brine to pay for the damages. The brine men reply that they pump brine on their own land, and they are not responsible for the fact that it causes other people's land to cave in. People shouldn't buy land with such a thin crust.—New York Tribune.

No Fire Alarms in Lisbon.

The Lisbonese object to fire alarms. Their church bells may ring until your head aches with the din, the chimes may set your teeth on edge, but a set number of strokes to notify the volunteer firemen that in such or such a district the saving of life and property depends upon their rapid exertions, disturbs their equanimity—they won't have it.—Home Journal.

A Pet Parrot's Coffin.

A few days ago a well known woman in New York society ordered from an undertaker a coffin in which to bury a dead parrot and stipulated that it should be as rich and handsome in its adornments as it was possible to make it without resorting to the use of precious metals or stones.—Chicago Herald.

What They Eat in Russia.

They served him with the various dishes usual at an inn, such as cabbage soup with tarts, purposely kept for several weeks; calf's brains with peas, small sausages with cabbage, roast capon, pickled cucumbers and the eternal sweet puff paste tarts.—Golgol in Tchitchikoff's Journey.